

Failure Is Not An Option

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Failure Is Not An Option

by [cellard00rs](#)

Summary

5 times Stan and Ford failed at sex, one time they didn't.

1.

“Stan-*hh!* S-Stan-!” Ford gasps and shifts, frowning, “Y-you have-have to stop...”

Stan doesn’t listen. Instead he keeps bobbing his head, mouth moving smoothly up and down Ford’s length but Ford can feel the tension spooling out of him, his erection growing limper as he shudders and shakes his head, “No, no...Stan, it’s-it’s not...it’s not gonna happen...”

There’s a loud wet pop as Stan draws off, huffing, frowning, “What? Why?”

Ford swallows, eyes shifting away, “I-I don’t really want to tell you.”

Stan draws back, cracking his jaw and sighing. His brother twitches at the feel of the late night air brushing his exposed privates, Stan’s saliva having left a fresh, wet trail. He tucks himself back into his pants, “I’m sorry...to disappoint you.”

“Hey, no,” Stan carefully rises, wincing. It’s been a hell of a long time since he’s been on his knees doing that and it’s not the easiest thing to do now – getting back up. It sure as hell sucks to be old. He sits next to Ford, smiling, “I’m not disappointed, Sixer! It’s okay! If you’re not feeling it right now, we don’t have to do anything.”

“It’s-it’s not that I wasn’t feeling it. I was! And you were-you were doing a great job, but I got, ah, distracted.”

“By what?”

Ford crosses his arms, “I still don’t want to tell you.”

Stan looks around but he doesn’t see anything. He shrugs and then huddles (not snuggles, he refuses to acknowledge it as *snuggles*) closer to Ford’s side, “Whatever.”

“Are you...are you sure you’re not...disappointed? Or-or mad?”

Stan looks up in Ford’s worried face. Ford is still avoiding his eyes, “Hey, look at me.”

His twin seems reluctant to do so but finally he relents, eyes barely skirting over to meet his. Stan gives him a warm smile, “You know how I feel about you, right?”

He gets a stiff nod.

“Okay, well – what kinda guy would I be if I gave the guy I love shit for not getting his rocks off in my mouth?”

Ford snorts, “God, you’re gross.”

“But I made you smile,” Stan returns, “So, I consider that a win.”

Ford just nods. They sit there in silence for a few more minutes before Ford breathes in loudly and says, “It was the goat.”

Stan's brows furrow, "Huh?"

"The goat...you know, the one you let have free run of this place."

"Gompers?"

"He was at the window," Ford points to it, "He was...watching us. Watching me. Looking right into my eyes while you were...um."

Stan can't help it. He starts laughing. He's laughing close to tears while Ford's face grows redder by the second, "It's not funny! It was like he was-was judging us! Or he was thinking I was hurting you or-! Forget it! You're a-an *ass*!"

Ford gets to his feet and stomps off even though Stan tries to call out to him, tries to stop him, but he's just laughing so hard that it's starting to hurt.

2.

"Yeah, yeah – that's, oh- *ohhhhh!*" Stan moans and Ford rolls his hips, surges deeper into Stan's body and Stan gasps, clutches at Ford's shoulders as he rocks against him, riding him with abandon. It had started off sort of slow, but its building steam and Stan loves being on top of Ford, loves when his brother is beneath him and bucking up and up and Christ, it's gonna happen, it's gonna happen *soon*.

And Stan can't help it. Can't help throwing his head back and letting out a full body moan but the action has more force behind it than he intended and a sharp zig of pain shoots up his spine and he lets out another kind of sharp shout. Somehow, somehow, Ford recognizes the difference between a passionate noise and one of pain and he slows, stops as Stan's hands leave his shoulders and immediately fly to the base of his spine.

"S...stan?" Ford pants.

Stan's eyes are full blown with pain and he can only manage a weak, "Mmhmm?"

"Are...are you okay?"

Stan shakes his head as best as he can.

"Is it-? Is it your back?"

Another curt nod.

"O-okay. What should I do? Should I-?" Ford goes to rise and Stan yelps. Ford immediately flops back down. He can feel himself withering, the lust draining from their damp skin as he says softly, "Fine. Not moving. Promise."

"Thanks." His brother manages through clenched teeth.

“Is there anything I *can* do to help?”

“Dunno,” Stan confesses, “Scared to move.”

“Well, um...don’t think we can stay in this position forever...”

Stan manages to scowl at him, even through the mask of pain on his face, and Ford holds up his hands in surrender, “I’m not trying to rush you. I’m just...just saying...”

“Give me a minute,” Stan grunts and, little by little, moving in increments he raises himself from Ford’s body. Ford, for his part, lies there and tries not to move – not wanting to aggravate Stan’s injury. Eventually Stan manages to rearrange himself so that he’s prostrate next to his brother. Now freed from Stan’s body, Ford gets to his feet. His movements make the bed shake and every little wiggle of the mattress makes Stan whimper in pain.

Ford hates doing it, but doesn’t see how lying next to Stan on the bed is going to help any. Once on his feet, he dresses haphazardly, shaking his head, “Let me guess...you haven’t been taking your medication.”

No answer.

“Or doing those exercises the Doctor said would be good for your back.”

Again, no response.

Instead Stan lies there, face riddled with pain, glaring up at the ceiling like it’s the ceilings fault. Ford rolls his eyes, “Y’know – I love you. But sometimes I want to strangle you with my twelve fingers!”

He gets a drawn out wheeze in response. Ford runs a hand through his hair, sighing, “I just...I worry about you so much...we spent so many years apart and you went through so much and you didn’t take care of yourself then. If I’d known then that that was how you were, I would have taken you in. I know you don’t believe that, but I would have, because then I would have forced you to take care of yourself and now here we are and you’re *still* not doing it and I’m failing you and-!”

“Sixer,” he manages tightly, “Shut up. Get meds.”

3.

The room is dark and hot.

They’re on opposites sides of the bed, clothing strewn all about the room.

Stan starts to turn to look at Ford but it’s as if his brother’s twin sense goes off because he snaps, “Don’t!”

Stan turns away again. He bites his bottom lip. He can't laugh. If he laughs, it'll just make things worse. But it's-y'know, it's funny. And Ford is being so silly. He's a man of science. He should know better. Still, his tone rings out, cold and imperious, "We shall never speak of this. Never. Do you understand me?"

"Stanford..."

"Do you understand me?!"

As if to punctuate everything, the scent wafts towards Stan and he waves it away, remarking lightly, "Sixer, honestly...everybody does it. I mean, yeah, you did it while we were...um... in the throes or whatever, but you're not the first person to-"

"I don't want to talk about it! EVER!" Ford damn near wails like an overdramatic actress and Stan can't help the snort that escapes him and now Ford does turn and Stan can feel the murderous glare of it. Stan looks at him and Ford looks so miserable he feels his heartstrings pull. He tries to comfort him again, "So, you farted! So what! Oh come on! Don't be like that!"

He shouts this at Ford's retreating back as his brother flees the room.

4.

"Mr. Pines?"

The loud knock on the door makes them both freeze. The sound of the knob shaking as Soos starts to turn it makes them spring into rapid action. When Soos enters Stan is sitting behind his desk. His hair is a wild mess and all of his clothes are in complete disarray. Ford is nowhere to be seen. Stan clears his throat, "Yeah? Whatta ya want?"

"The new shipment of inventory arrived for the gift shop and I was...?" Soos trails off, frowning, "I'm sorry – are you okay?"

"Yeah! Sure, why wouldn't I be?" Stan asks, a bead of sweat escaping his temple, eyes shifty.

"It's just...before I showed up I heard all this grunting..."

"I was moving furniture!"

Soos looks around the room again, "By yourself?"

"What are you?! A cop?! Get to the point!"

"Oh, okay!" Soos returns, as always, perfectly genial, "Well, like I said, the new inventory arrived and I had some questions about some of these new items and where you'd like them to be displayed."

“Uh huh.” Stan’s tone is dry and annoyed and he taps impatient fingers on the desktop. Beneath the desk, he feels his legs part, feels his zipper move down and his eyes grow wide. No. No way. He wouldn’t. *He wouldn’t*. He’s a first class nerd, he would *never*-

Stan feels the plump head of his dick slip between two soft lips, feels a gentle pull. He closes his eyes, fingers clenching on the desk.

Soos is still here.

Soos is still *talking*...

“...so I said to Wendy, I said Mr. Pines probably wants those Mr. Mystery bobble heads next to the new Multibear bobble heads ‘cause it makes sense to keep all the bobble heads together, right? But then we open the next box and there are these Mr. Mystery plush dolls and I start to think – maybe we should keep all the Mr. Mystery gear together and put the Multibear bobble heads next to...”

There’s a slick tongue dipping into the weeping slit, licking up the tiny pearls of precome that have already escaped and Stan hisses, eyes closing. Soos looks at him with his head tilted to one side, “Mr. Pines?”

“Yeah, yeah – inventory – mo-moving it...” Stan manages weakly, trying oh so hard not to moan aloud, as the pressure increases and six fingered hands are caressing both of his legs and he’s going to go to jail again for *murder*, because he’s going to murder his brother. Christ, he’s-he’s TOAST.

But Soos still doesn’t know, just takes the words he hears as encouragement to continue and he’s blathering on and on and he’s drawn out a friggin’ *notebook*. He scribbles some notes and then he endcaps it all with, “So, what do you think, Mr. Pines? Is that good?”

“*Good!*” Stan very nearly shouts, the mouth between his legs growing more insistent. God, is he trying to kill him? It’s like he’s sucking the life right out of him and he’s damn near shrinking in on himself, not wanting to come – not right now – not with Soos in the room. But this is close to the best damn blowjob he’s ever had in his life and his heart is pounding loudly in his ears. So loudly he can barely hear himself manage a twisted, musical whine of, “Sooooooooohhoo good.”

Luckily Soos seems none the wiser as he nods to himself and makes some more notations, “Great! I’ll put all that out! Oh, and the Mr. Sixer plush dolls came in too.”

This is added as an afterthought by Soos – he doesn’t even expect much of a reaction. After the whole Weirdmageddon mess and with everything resolved between the older Pines twins, it was decided that the Mystery Shack would continue running – so long as Stanford could have a section of the Shack to himself where he could educate people on *real* supernatural events and science.

The section ended up being more popular than anyone had theorized, and since Stan carried the moniker, Mr. Mystery, it was decided Ford deserved one of his own. He tried to get

traction with Mr. Science but Mr. Sixer (coined by Stan and picked up by kids) resounded the most.

Stan had been trying to convince his brother to get on board with the merchandise for some time, but Ford had been very reluctant. He finally acquiesced when Stan bribed a little girl into looking up at him with big, watery goo-goo eyes and had her ask (in an adorable childish lisp no less) where she could get a Mr. Sixer doll of her very own.

Stan himself had been looking forward to the doll, so this news actually manages to pierce the haze of sexual pleasure, making him jump up slightly with an energetic, “Really?!”

Unfortunately he’s a little *too* energetic and his sudden movement causes the top of Ford’s head to meet roughly with the bottom of the desk, making him not only draw off of Stan’s dick, but also cry out very loudly, “OW! FUCK!”

Soos looks up, startled and Stan immediately takes over, closing his eyes and tossing his head back, doing his best to pretend like he was the one who just swore: “Oh, uh - OW! FUCK! Hu -HEADACHE! AH – uhhh, muscle cramp! Brain...spasm!”

“Oh no, Mr. Pines!”

“Soos, Soos! Ya gotta – gotta go get me some pain reliever! Yeah, yeah – that’s it, but not – not in the kitchen cabinet, no – from-from the upstairs bedroom, yeah – that’s-that’s the good stuff!”

“I’m on my way!” Soos dashes out of the room, almost falling over himself in his hurry to help his employer.

Stan draws away fully from the desk, his wet, full erection bobbing and unsatisfied as Ford climbs out from beneath the desk, clutching his skull and moaning. Stan gets to his feet and does his best to put himself away, ignoring how he’s still rigidly hard, “You okay?”

“Damn near busted my head open...” Ford moans and Stan huffs, “Well, that’s what you get for – y’know, keepin’ that up while I was trying to talk to Soos.”

“Would have been fine if you hadn’t flippin’ out about a stupid kids toy.”

“I’ll have you know, I’ve been waiting to get my hands on a plush Mr. Sixer for months!”

“Okay, well, you *had* a plush Mr. Sixer giving you head until you nearly concussed him.”

“Aw, poor baby. You want Mr. Mystery to kiss it and make it all better?” Stan offers consolingly. Ford sits on the desk and gives him a pained nod. Stan kisses the top of his head just as Soos bounds back in with the medicine and a glass of water, “Oh! Hey, Mr. Sixer!”

He greets Ford and Ford harrumphs, because he’s asked Soos repeatedly *not* to call him that. Still Soos frowns, looking around, “Where did you come from?”

This causes Ford to freeze as he’s struggles to think up an answer. However, Soos just ends up waving a hand absently, “Eh, doesn’t matter! Just glad you got here! Mr. Pines has a

headache and your brotherly presence should help!"

"Yeah, right! Poindexter usually *causes* my headaches," Stan chuckles and gets a pointed look for that response. Soos comes over and hands the medicine and glass of water to Stan. He then looks at Ford and points to one side of his mouth, "Hey – you got something, right there."

Ford touches the corner of his mouth and draws his fingers away to see a smear of seminal fluid. He colors and prays Soos doesn't recognize it for what it is, "Oh, um, thanks."

5.

"Okay, this-this is not gonna happen..." Stan pants, "Not tonight...too winded. Too tired..."

He rolls off of Ford and falls to the bed, throwing an arm over his eyes, "Too *old*."

A weary sigh leaves Ford and Stan lowers his arm, eyes moving to one side to try and catch a glimpse of Ford's face, "You're upset."

"No."

"Come on," Stan urges and Ford shifts on the bed, "Well, maybe a little..."

"I'm sorry."

"Hey, you don't need to apologize," Ford gets up on one elbow, "I get it. I just...I don't like you saying you're old."

"I'm stating facts, Poindexter. You love those."

"It's the *way* you're saying it, Stanley," he insists, "Like your time's almost up."

"Welllllll..."

Ford rolls his body over top of Stan's and kisses him softly, "You're not going anywhere."

"Maybe not today. Or tomorrow. But some day-"

"No," Ford interrupts, tone firm and he kisses Stan again, "Not without me."

"You sayin' we should engage in some kinda murder/suicide compact?"

"I'm saying I can use science to create an invention to regulate our bodies so that if one of us reaches our expiration, the other will." Ford's words are cut off by Stan's mouth. When Stan draws back he shakes his head, "Never mind. Shoulda known better than to bring up morbid talk around you. You just make it worse."

Ford looks into Stan's eyes and Stan realizes, with some shock, that his twin's eyes are growing cloudy with unshed tears. Stan cups his face in his hands, "Hey, hey – shh, hey –

look, I'm-I'm sorry we didn't get to finish bonin', but maybe tomorrow..."

A sob actually escapes Ford and Stan starts kissing his face all over, horrified, still trying to hush him but Ford draws away, shaking his head, "No, no. I'm-I'm fine. It's not that. It's..."

He sits up and huddles his knees close to his chest, "When I think about how old we are..."

Stan sits up and rubs a hand along Ford's back, "You afraid of death?"

"Aren't you?"

Stan shrugs, "Not really. Mean...maybe I woulda been if you and I hadn't resolved our shit, but now...we're together. I got everything I could want out of this life. I got you."

Ford sniffs and rubs at his eyes, "I'm sorry...I-I don't know where all that came from."

"I do. You were always the super sensitive one. You just had a lotta time in other dimensions to try and knock that outta your system. Came back here, trying to act all bad ass and cool. Trying to hold on to your old grudge and that stick up your ass. But now that that's all out of the way, you're back to being the brother I know and love. And I mean *really* love." Stan kisses him again, a soft gentle kiss and Ford returns it, nodding slightly, adding weakly, "That's...that's why."

"Why what?"

"Why I was...upset. Or-or a little disappointed, I guess...it's-it's not so much that I want to have sex tonight, it's just...I like having you close. Being with you, feeling you breathe, feeling you touching me and kissing me and just...knowing you're alive..."

Stan's eyebrows rise, "Huh. Really? Well, guess you worry a lot more about this mortality thing than I knew."

"You have no idea."

"Kinda do now – especially this regulatin' body invention thing you talked about. You...you don't really have that...do you?"

The expression on Ford's face tells Stan all he needs to know. Looks like they'll be dying the same day, after all. Still...

Stan kisses Ford again and ushers him into lying back on the bed. He cuddles up next to him, the big spoon and he whispers into his hair, "Don't have to have sex to be close."

"*I know.*" Ford says this in a pouty tone that makes Stan grin as he kisses his head, "Yeah, yeah - know you do. Now go to sleep, sweetheart. I got a long time yet."

Ford pulls Stan's arms around him and hugs them extra tight as he closes his eyes and falls asleep.

“I can’t-! I can’t-!” Stan cries and Ford shakes his head repeatedly, “You can, c’mon...”

His answer is a series of high pitched ‘*oh god’s*’. Higher than Ford was even aware Stan could reach. He didn’t even think it was possible for his brother’s vocal range to reach this pitch, but it clearly is, as Ford’s body works like a well-oiled machine, charging up into him again and again.

Stan’s fingers scramble at the sheets beneath him, bunching up the material. His head tosses back, throat working, eyes squeezed tightly shut as he meets Ford thrust for thrust, “Ford! *FORD!* Can’t-! Not again!”

“You can!” Ford urges darkly, sweetly, teeth finding Stan’s neck, biting down, “Promise.”

“Too...*ohhhh!* O-ah-old!”

“No,” Ford purrs and shifts his angle, thrusts more determinedly, desperately, “Failure’s not an option. Now c’mon...come for me. Come again...want you to come a second time...”

“Can’t! It’s not possi-*ahh!* Fuck! *Uh!* G-Good...so...so...”

“You feel it, don’t you?” Ford moves his mouth up to Stan’s ear, licks at the shell of it, “Feel my big, throbbing hard cock up inside you. Feel me taking you so good...so rough. So *deep*. ”

“F-Ford!”

“You’re gonna come again for me, Stan. ‘Cause I’m not going to *stop*. Not gonna stop until you come all over me...want you to soak me-”

“Oh-h J-Jesus...”

“-want to fill you up with my spunk. Have you take it all. You want it, don’t you? So thirsty for it - such a good, good *boy*. ” The last word is hotly whispered, Ford’s teeth chewing on Stan’s earlobe and that’s it. That’s the kicker. Stan nearly shouts the *Shack* down as he comes a second time, his aching dick pulsing hotly between them, Ford’s hand stroking everything out of it.

Ford himself buries his face into Stan’s hair as he comes apart, shuddering deeply. They’re a collection of panting, sweaty limbs and it’s a long while before either of them moves. When they do, Ford is grinning triumphantly, “Well, that was long overdue.”

Stan merely hums. Ford rises from Stan’s body and moves on his feet, sort of wobbling, “Feel like a shower?”

He gets some sleepy sounds of agreement and Ford goes to start the shower. Stan breathes in deeply, loving the feel of euphoria good sex always gives him. Sometimes they struggle to get to this point. But when they get here...good lord...

Slowly he gets to his feet and goes to meet his brother, his own triumphant grin firmly in place.

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